

T H E
Horse and the Olive:
O R,
W A R and P E A C E.

W I T H *Moral* Tale let Ancient *Wisdom* move,
Which thus I sing to make the *Moderns* wise:
Strong *Neptune* once with sage *Minerva* strove,
And rising *Athens* was the *Victor's* Prize.

By *Neptune*, *Plutus* (Guardian Pow'r of Gain),
By Great *Minerva*, Bright *Apollo* stood:
But *Jove* superior had the Side obtain
Which best contriv'd to do the *Nation* Good.

Then *Neptune* striking, from the parted Ground
The Warlike *Horse* came pawing on the Plain,
And as it toss'd its Mane, and pranc'd around,
By this, he cries, I'll make the *People* Reign.

The *Goddeſs* smiling gently bow'd the Spear,
And, rather thus they shall be bless'd, she said;
Then upwards shooting in the Vernal Air
With loaded Boughs the fruitful *Olive* spread.

Jove saw what Gifts the *Rival Pow'rs* design'd,
And took th' impartial Scales, resolv'd to show,
If greater Bliss in *Warlike Pomp* we find,
Or in the *Calm* which *Peaceful Times* bestow.

On *Neptune's* part he plac'd *Victorious Days*,
Gay *Trophies* won, and *Fame* extending wide:
But *Plenty*, *Safety*, *Science*, *Arts*, and *Ease*,
Minerva's Scale with greater Weight supply'd.

Fierce



Fierce *War* devours whom gentle *Peace* wou'd save,
Sweet *Peace* restores what angry *War* destroys,
War made for *Peace* with that rewards the Brave,
While *Peace* its Pleasures from it self enjoys.

Hence vanquish'd *Neptune* to the Sea withdrew,
Hence wise *Minerva* rul'd *Athenian* Lands,
Her *Athens* hence in Arts and Honour grew,
And still her *Olives* deck *pacifick* Hands.

From *Fables* thus disclos'd, a Monarch's Mind
May form just Rules to chuse the Truly-Great:
And *Subjects* weary'd with Distresses find
Whose kind Endeavours most befriend the State.

Ev'n *Britain* here may learn to place her Love,
If *Cities* won her *Kingdoms* Wealth have cost,
If *ANNA*'s Thoughts the PATRIOT-SOULS approve
Whose Cares restore that Wealth the Wars had lost.

But if we ask the *Moral* to disclose
Whom best *EUROPA*'s *Patronefs* it calls,
Great *ANNA*'s Title no Exception knows,
And unapply'd in this the *Fable* falls.

With Her no *Neptune* or *Minerva* vyes;
Whene'er she pleas'd her *Troops* to Conquest flew,
Whene'er she pleases *Peaceful Times* arise:
She gave the *Horse*, and gives the *Olive* too.

F I N I S.

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